

A Drop of Ink
Makes Millions Think

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

LOOK
At this Little Tag and
see how YOU stand
with the Herald.

NO. 46.

VOL. XVII.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1891.

COUGH CURE
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,
Pneumonia, Consumption, and all
respiratory ailments, will be
cured by this medicine. It is
the best remedy in the world.
See that C. C. C. is blown in every bot-
tle and take no other. Price 25c.
J. C. KENNEDY & CO.,
Sole Proprietors,
HARTFORD, KY.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO.
1891

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HARTFORD, KY.

W. L. PRACTICE his profession in all the
courts of Ohio and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ohio.
Given first above the bank.
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J. B. WILSON,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
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SPECIAL ATTENTION given to Mine
Surveying, Mapping and all
other work with accuracy and
promptness.
Office with Ringo & Felix, Hartford.

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YUSOFF.
A stranger came one night to Yusuf's tent.
Saying: "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yusuf, called through all our tribes 'The Good!'"

"This tent is mine," said Yusuf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As of his who buildeth over thee
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.'"

So Yusuf entertained his guest that night
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold,
My sweetest friend, is added for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grows bold."
As one lamp lights another, now grows less,
So nobleness enkindles nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling
low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yusuf's hand,
Sobbing: "O, ah! I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee, all this thou hast done
Unto Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take three the gold," said Yusuf, "for with
this
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall slide away from me.
First born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just as all of God's decrees:
Thou art avenged, my first born, step in
peace!"

—Lowell.

GOOD THINGS.

CLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Queen of Spain—"Moi gracie! The
baby King has the stomach ache!"
Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—
"Woo! call the Secretary of the In-
terior!" (Good News.)

A DITTO FORM.
(Yakus.)
Like a horse without a bridle,
"cart" "wheel,"
"love" "n' idol,"
"line" "a reel,"
"babe" "mother,"
"home" "fire,"
"boat" "rudder,"
"church" "spire,"
"stick" "candle,"
"shoe" "sole,"
"knife" "handle,"
"fox" "hole,"
"dog" "master,"
"ship" "sail,"
"kite" "holder,"
"guard" "tail,"
"weapon" "blade,"
"court" "strife,"
"life" "motive,"
"man" "wife."

There is a perennial nobleness and
even sacredness in work. Were he ever
so benighted, forgetful of his high calling,
there is always hope in a man that
actually and earnestly works. In idleness
alone there is perpetual despair.
—Caroline.

You can tell more about a man's character
by trading horses with him once than
you can by hearing him talk for a year
in prayer-meeting.—(Ram's Horn.)

When we think of the tenderness of
the solicitude, of the protection, of the
grace, of the charm, of the happiness,
or at least of the consolation that wo-
man brings to the life of man, one is
tempted to speak to her only with un-
covered head and bowed knee.—(L.
Demorey.)

Neither let mistakes or wrong direc-
tions, of which every error in his stud-
ies and elsewhere, falls into many dis-
courage you. There is a precious in-
struction to be got by finding we were
wrong. Let a man try faithfully, man-
fully, to be right; he will grow daily
more and more right. It is at bottom
the condition on which all men have to
cultivate themselves. Our very walk-
ing is an incessant falling; a falling and
a catching of ourselves before we come
actually to the pavement! It is em-
blematic of all things a man does.
—(Caroline.)

LOVE OF MAN.
I do not love my fellow man,
Nor my neighbor as I ought;
But great Jerusalem's good grace I
love I do love his daughter!

SOMEWHERE, SAY: "WELL DONE."
(Free Press.)
Judicious praise is both right and
useful. There are families in which it
would do a world of good. There are
faithful wives whose fidelity their hus-
bands appreciate, but they neglect to
tell them so. There are children who,
if not better, would be happier if their
parents cheered them now and then
with hearty "well done." There are
excellent ministers who would preach
better and be better pastors if their
people were more like the lord in the
parable. Many of us may learn a les-
son that we greatly need from the di-
vine words, "Well done, thou good
and faithful servant."

Love is the meal of broken food be-
sotted upon the weary wayfarer. It
has strangely mixed sorrow, and heaven
alone knows what it is composed of;
but, like the vagrant, we must not ques-
tion—we are either to take it or pass on,
still famished.—(Anne Reeve Aldrich.)

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she became a child, we cried for Castoria.
When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

The Only Relief.
When you have a cold, you may mark it
down that it is a friend to the Republi-
can party. There is but one issue be-
fore the American people at the present
time, and that is the tariff. Repeat the
infamous and iniquitous tariff laws and
then the average farmer will find out

why times have been so hard and money
so scarce for the past twenty years.
The tariff burdens are the burdens of
the people. Relief will never come as
long as the tariff is high. Oppression
will be upon the people as long as the
tariff is upon them, and it will be upon
them as long as the Republican party
is in power. Remove the Republican
party from power, and the result will
be a removal of our burdens. Take
away the tariff, and peace and plenty
will abound.

Secrets of Happy Wedlock.
(Detroit Free Press.)
Respect each other's individuality.
Do not try to mold the other's ideas,
or principles or manners to the pattern
of your own.

Seek to influence each other only by
the power of his example.

By your worthiness and culture make
the other proud of you, and do not feel
that marriage gives you any right to de-
mand, or dictate, or criticize.

Maintain and allow the same freedom
that exists between good and pure friends.

Never ask personal questions nor
seek explanations, for you are not a
hundredth part as responsible for each
other as you are apt to imagine.

Let your love be founded in admira-
tion and friendship.

Strive to correct your own faults and
study to make the other happy, and be
exceedingly careful that you never re-
verse this rule.

Keep your most refined and gentle
manner for the home.

When a wrong is pardoned bury it in
oblivion.

Consider the other's honor your own
and shield each other's weaknesses with
sacred jealousy.

Remember that ill temper nearly al-
ways comes of disappointment or over-
work or physical suffering.

Treat each other as courteously in
private as you treat your friends in the
drawing-room.

Be rivals in generosity, and let mis-
understandings die for want of words.

Consider marriage as the partnership
of equals.

Share the joys and sorrows of life, its
toils and profits, as equal partners
should.

The Western Settler's Chosen Specific.
With every advance of civilization into the
West, a new demand is created for a
stomach-bitter. Newly settled people, fre-
quently less salubrious than older settle-
ments, on account of the miasma which rises
from recently cleared land, particularly along
the banks of rivers, are subject to fevers,
the agricultural or mining emigrants learn,
when they do not already know, that the
only sure protective against malarial
fevers and those diseases of the stomach,
liver and bowels, to which climatic change, exposure,
and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet
subject him. Consequently, he places an es-
sential upon this great household specific and pre-
ventive commensurate with its intrinsic value,
and is careful to keep on hand a restorative
and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon
in time of need.

"Nip your cough in the bud," by
taking "C. C. C. Certain Cough Cure,"
a pleasant and efficient remedy. Sold
by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

WEALTH—Is something which
most people seek, and which but few
are indifferent to, no matter in what form it
presents itself. The word "wealth," which is often
used in speaking of man's riches, comes
from the Latin word *valere*, which means
cattle, and shows that formerly a
man's wealth was reckoned by the cattle
he possessed. Abraham is said to have
been "very rich in cattle, in silver, and
in gold." But no matter what a man's
riches may consist in, it is all vanity
and vexation of spirit, unless in connection
therewith he has health. Emerson fol-
lows in the footsteps of the ancients when he
says "The first wealth is health," and we have no
doubt that he would have recommended
its use to all persons suffering from the
diseases for which it is recommended.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases
mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

We can afford to deceive you. Confidence
is begotten by honesty. DeWitt's Little Early
Risers are pills that will cure constipation
and sick headache. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Dr. Brewer's Liver Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers sell it. 50c per bottle. Genuine
has trade-mark and comes sealed in wrapper.

You never tried DeWitt's Little Early
Risers for constipation, biliousness, sick-head-
ache, or any of these diseases. Sold by
Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

We could not afford to urge an article without
merit. We not only urge but guarantee Platan-
tion Chilli Cure.

Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford, Ky.
J. W. & J. M. Ragland, Roanoke.
Lee S. Mitchell, Beaver Dam.
M. V. Campbell, Rockport.

A trial will convince the most skeptic
that "C. C. C. Certain Cough Cure" is
what the name implies, a "Certain"
cure. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

When you need a medicine for your children,
try Platanion Chilli Cure. It makes them
strong and is as pleasant to take as maple
syrup and guaranteed. No cure, no pay. Fifty cents
per bottle.

Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford, Ky.
J. W. & J. M. Ragland, Roanoke.
Lee S. Mitchell, Beaver Dam.
M. V. Campbell, Rockport.

DeWitt's Santal-Oil destroys such poisons as
syphilis, skin disease, eczema, rheumatism. It
timely use saves many lives. Sold by Z. Wayne
Griffin & Bro.

Platanion Chilli Cure is as sweet as maple
syrup. Children cry for it, and as we guarantee
its cure, any case of chill or fever, try it once.
You will not regret it. Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford,
Ky. Lee S. Mitchell, Beaver Dam.
M. V. Campbell, Rockport.

English Spavin Liniment removes all
Hard, Hot, Swollen, Lame, and Stiff
joints from Horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints,
Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiff-legs, Sprains, all
swollen, inflamed, and sore. Save 50c
by using one bottle. Warranted the most won-
derful Balm ever known. Sold by
Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky.

People with impure blood may be said to exist,
not live. Life is robbed of half its vigor when
the blood is loaded with impurities and disease.
Cure in condition with DeWitt's Santal-Oil,
it is reliable. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

BEN DOR'S BIRDS.
He Has a Hard Time Quail Shoot-
ing Down in Ohio
County.

How His Friend, the Deacon, Failed
to Impress His Farmer
Smithens.

Farmer Smithens Considered a Propo-
sition and Nailed His Answer to a Tree
---Dry Weather and Bank Ven-
eration Make Bird-Hunting
a Sad Delusion.

(Ben Dor is Louisville Truth.)
For genuine Modoc architecture,
rank vegetation and a plentiful
partridge, give me Ohio county, Ken-
tucky. Ohio county is not a great
county, but it lies on both sides of
General Echols, Louisville, Paducah
and Memphis railroad, and it is the
home of Mr. Alonzo Smithens. But
for the fact that my esteemed friend,
the Deacon, took me to Ohio county to
shoot partridges, or rather to scare par-
tridges up, and shoot at them, in all
likelihood I would have gone on down
an infinitely grave totally insensible
to the fact that the Great Creator had
planted in his human flower garden so
rare and sweet a geranium as Mr. Alonzo
Smithens, of the Pinchown neigh-
borhood, half way between Beaver
Dam and Cromwell, in the afore-
mentioned and great prohibition county
of Ohio. I mention Mr. Alonzo Smithens
particularly in this sketch, because
Mr. Smithens enjoyed the distinction
last Monday of being the very first citi-
zen of Ohio county to order me off his
farm. My friend, the Deacon, who is a
good and pious man, and smart at a
bargain either in real estate or horse
flesh, but not much of a shot, assured
me that we would be welcome in Ohio
county as the birds in the spring time.

"Will they allow us to hunt?" I
asked, with painful recollections of the
inhospitable demeanor of Farmer
Homespun, Farmer Hayseed and other
evil-minded agriculturists whom I had
previously encountered in Indiana.

"Will they?" echoed the Deacon in a
Wednesday evening voice. "Aye,
verily! They will even whistle their
birds up in the garden and let us shoot
them from the back porch."

And so the Deacon and I boarded the
fast flying Memphis on Echols, and
Proctor's railroad, and after a comfort-
able four-hour ride and a pleasant
chat en route concerning the scenery,
Sylvester Young and other questions of
vital interest to the management, we
were landed at Beaver Dam. Beaver
Dam is called Beaver Dam because
there are no beavers and no dam there.
But Mr. Austin, who is as dark, dash-
ing and handsome as a *fas* Diavolo,
keeps a cheery little hotel with good
feather beds, clean linen and a whole-
some table, and there was no end of
either to his hospitality or his enphur-
water, for all of which we hold him in
grateful remembrance. We were off
for the corn fields and the weed patches
just as the sun of Monday morning
came up over the blue hills and an
hour's drive brought us to the farm of
Mr. Alonzo Smithens. We turned our
borrowed dogs loose in an old weed
field and presently one of them, "Dot,"
a blithesome female dog with the in-
stincts of a true sportsman, came down
to a stiff point on a hillside. "Dan"
and "Governor" made a joint back-
stave in fine style and the Deacon's an-
imated swagtail and his no end of
sweetness that I had only observed
before when he was passing around
the plate at Sunday morning service.

"You take right and I'll take left,"
he said, sweetly. "Steady, Dot-
sday-dah."

Our borrowed dogs behaved beauti-
fully and we were just about to walk
the birds from cover when echoing
down the hillside came the shriek of a
piercing voice:

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" it cried.
"Don't shoot them birds."

It was the musical voice of Mrs.
Alonzo Smithens.

The Deacon turned about with an
air of serious and suave sweetness, as
if the Deacon could have turned
about with, and lowering his gun, said
in a chummy and insinuating voice:

"Good morning, madame. Good
morning."

"Don't you shoot them birds," re-
turned Mrs. Alonzo Smithens, in a
hard voice and entirely unmoved by
the Deacon's salutation.

"My name is Brand, madame," con-
tinued the Deacon sweetly. "This is
my friend, Mr. Roundjohn. We are
from Louisville, madame—from Lou-
ville."

"What might your name be,
madame? Your face seems strangely
familiar. Were you not at our Satur-
day ball?"

Mrs. Alonzo Smithens looked at him
severely.

"D-o-n't shoot!" she said. "Don't
shoot. Don't shoot them birds. We
don't allow no shooting on this
farm. You'd better get off."

"Madame," said the Deacon, with
renewed sweetness, "we will not shoot.
We had hoped you would let us shoot,
but since you seem so strangely op-
posed we will not even presume to shoot."

"We couldn't hit anything if we did
shoot, madame," I suggested cheerfully.

"D-o-n't shoot," repeated Mrs.
Smithens, severely. "See my hus-
band, maybe he'll let you shoot. Don't
shoot now."

Where could we hope to find our
estimable husband, madame," morn-
mured the Deacon, softly.

"Lon Smithens is down there chop-
ping wood," replied Mrs. Alonzo Smithens,
sharply. "That's my husband, Lon
Smithens."

Just about that time our elderly and
most gifted borrowed dog, Daniel—his

name was Dan, but the Deacon re-
spectfully called him Daniel—trod up
on the wing of a quail and up went the
whole crew with a lusty whir. The
Deacon's gun involuntarily went to his
shoulder and he had a fine bird
covered thirty yards off the barrel.

Mrs. Smithens was on the verge of a
convulsion.

"D-o-n't shoot!" she shrieked wildly.
"D-o-n't shoot!"

The Deacon lowered his gun hotly
with a Chilian blush and gave her a
scathing look.

"Madame," he said, sternly, "I
wouldn't shoot one of those birds for
your whole doggone farm." And
without another word he whistled up
our borrowed dogs, and ordering
"Daniel" to "heel" in a dignified voice
led the way out of the weed field and
into the thin woodland that skirted it
below. Here we met a weak-eyed man
with long, shaggy whiskers and an ax.
He also wore suspenders—that is, one
suspenders.

"Do you know Mr. Alonzo Smith-
ens?" asked the Deacon, diffidently.

"I don't know no Alonzo Smithens,"
replied the weak-eyed person. "I
knows Lon Smithens. That's me."

"Why do you carry that ax?" asked
the Deacon, suspiciously.

"Been chopping wood," said Mr.
Smithens.

"You appear to have a great many
birds on your farm, Mr. Smithens?"
continued the Deacon, throwing a
touch of oil into his voice.

"I reckon so," murmured Mr. Smith-
ens with the stirring vivacity of a clam.

"We have just seen Mrs. Smithens,"
resumed the Deacon.

"Yes," said the Deacon. "She in-
timated that when you go on your
shooting on your farm."

"Well," said Alonzo Smithens, gravely
and with dignity, "I reckon she was
right."

"We are not pot-hunters, Mr. Smith-
ens," said the Deacon, respectfully.

"We are from Louisville—from Lou-
ville," said Mr. Smithens, who was
not at all overcome by the impressive
announcement that we were from the
metropolis of this State, "I reckon you
can't shoot on my place."

"Mr. Smithens," I interrupted, "if
you will let us shoot we will pay you
five cents for every bird we kill."

"That there sounds business-like,"
replied Mr. Smithens. "That there
repairs to be fair. Jest wait 'till I see
my wife." Whereupon you go in Ken-
tucky and you go in Indiana and you
hitched up his suspenders and struck
across the field, while the Deacon
and I kicked up a few scattered corns
in the woods and wasted half a dozen
loads of shot.

Presently Mr. Alonzo Smithens ap-
peared. He climbed the fence and
went up to a beech tree. Then he took
from under his arm a board; from his
pocket he produced a nail; on the
ground he found a rock, and then, with
great solemnity, he nailed the board on
the tree and with a wave of his hand di-
rected our attention to it. This was the
legend it bore:

THIS HERE FARM IS POSTED
BY
LON SMITHENS.

"I reckon you can't hunt here," said
Mr. Smithens, and shouldering his ax
he disappeared in the woods. We sad-
ly took up our march across the coun-
try and made four other separate and
distinct efforts to shoot, but in every
instance we were ordered off. The
Deacon's eloquence almost melted one
Farmer Hawker, but that was all. Mr.
Hawker said he would like to let us
hunt but he was afraid we would set his
farm afire with our gun wads.

The Deacon admired his turkey,
praised his apples, bought fifteen cents
worth of his hard earned and otherwise
cojoked him, but Farmer Hawker was
obdurate and finally we went away and
left him there in the woods, as it
might never see us again—not at least
if we saw him first.

"I have about come to the conclu-
sion," said the Deacon, regretfully,
"that there is no longer any pleasure
in bird-hunting. Wherever you go in Ken-
tucky or Indiana, now-a-days it is the
same old story. You are ordered off.
Nobody will let you shoot."

"Set your eyes on that Ohio county
people, who were going to give us such
a wild and jubilant welcome," I sug-
gested, pleasantly.

"Never mind," quoth the Deacon.
"We will go on to my friend Bill Til-<